

The Comicall Historie of

The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts, my gentle Queenc.

Por. In termes of choise, I am not solely led

By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:

Besides, the Lotterie of my Destinie

Bars me the right of voluntary choosung.

But if my Father had not scanted mee,

And hedg'd me by his vvrit, to yeeld my selfe

His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;

Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire

As any commmer I have look'd on yet,

For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,

Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets

To try my fortune: By this *Symitar*

That slew the *Sophy*, and a Persian Prince,

That won three fields of *Sultan Solymán*;

I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke,

Out-brave the Heart most daring on the earth,

Plucke the young sucking Cubs from the she-Bears;

Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,

To win the Lady. But alas, the while

If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:

So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,

And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,

Missle that which one unworthier may attaine,

And die with grieving. *Por.* You must take your chance,

And either not attempt to choosfe at all,

Or sweare before you choosfe, if you choosfe wrong,

Never to speake to Lady afterward

In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the Temple, after dinner

Your hazzard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,

To make me blest or cursdft amongst men.

Exeunt.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to runne from this Iewe my Master: the fiend is at my elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe, good Lancelot, or good Iobbe, or good Launcelet Iobbe,* use your legges, take the start, runne away; my conscience sayes no, take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-saide honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *sa* sayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde sayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet* being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne; for indeede my Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kind of tast; well, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience; conscience, say I, you counsell well, fiend, say I, you counsell well, to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Iewe my Master, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne away from the Iew I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the devill himselfe: certainly the Iew is the very devill incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iewe, the fiend give the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will ruine.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to master Jewes?

Launcelet. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand blinde, high gravell blinde, knowes me not; I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Master Jewes.

Launcelet. Turne up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne down indirectly to the Jewes house.

B

Gobbo